



IN THIS TALE  
JACK LON-  
DON'S SEA EX-  
PERIENCE IS  
USED WITH ALL  
THE POWER OF  
HIS VIRILE PEN

## SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious. He awakes on the deck of a sailing schooner, the *Wolf*, bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins to learn points of sailing and disdains the seafaring life. Cooky, Mugridge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Humphrey's quarters are changed aft. Mugridge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—"like yeast, a ferment... the big eat the little..." Cooky is jealous of Humphrey and hates him. Wolf has a sea-man and makes it the basis for another philosophical discussion with Humphrey. Wolf entertains Mugridge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Humphrey, and then tells him it is his. Wolf, by right of might, Cooky and Humphrey whet knives at each other. Humphrey's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf sketches the story of his life to Humphrey. Wolf discusses the Bible, and Omar with Humphrey and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Humphrey nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute. Wolf is knocked overboard at night, comes back aboard by the log-line and wins clear in a fight in the fore-castle.

## CHAPTER XIII.

There was a deal of cursing and groaning as the men at the bottom of the ladder crawled to their feet. "Somebody strike a light, my thumb's out of joint," said one of the men, Parsons, a swarthy, saturnine man, boat steerer in Standish's boat, in which Harrison was pulled.

"You'll find it knockin' about by the blits," Leach said, sitting down on the edge of the bunk in which I was concealed.

There was a fumbling and a scratching of matches, and the sea-lamp flared up, dim and smoky, and in its weird light bare-legged men moved about, nursing their bruises and caring for their hurts.

"How did he get away?" Johnson asked.

He was sitting on the side of his bunk, the whole pose of his figure indicating utter dejection and hopelessness. He was still breathing heavily from the exertion he had made. His shirt had been ripped entirely from him in the struggle, and blood from a gash in the cheek was flowing down his naked chest, marking a red path across his white thigh and dripping to the floor.

"Because he is a devil, as I told you before," was Leach's answer; and thereafter he was on his feet and raging his disappointment with tears in his eyes.

All the while I had been apprehensive concerning my own predicament. What would happen to me when these men discovered my presence? I could never fight my way out as Wolf Larsen had done. And at this moment Lattimer called down the scuttles:

"Hump! The old man wants you!" called back.

"Yes he is," I said, sliding out of the bunk and striving my hardest to keep my voice steady and bold.

The sailors looked at me in consternation. "He ain't down here!" Parsons nation. Fear was strong in their faces, and the devilishness which comes of fear.

"I'm coming!" I shouted up to Lattimer.

"No you don't!" Kelly cried, stepping between me and the ladder, his right hand shaped into a veritable stranger's clutch. "You damn little sneak! I'll shut yer mouth!"

"Let him go," Leach commanded.

"Not on yer life," was the angry retort.

Leach never changed his position on the edge of the bunk. "Let him go, I say," he repeated; but this time his voice was gritty and metallic.

The Irishman wavered. I made to step by him, and he stood aside. When I had gained the ladder, I turned to the circle of brutal and malignant faces peering at me through the semidarkness. A sudden and deep sympathy welled up in me.

"I have seen and heard nothing, believe me," I said quietly.

"I tell yer, he's all right," I could hear Leach saying as I went up the ladder. "He don't like the old man no more nor you or me."

I found Wolf Larsen in the cabin, stripped and bloody, waiting for me. He greeted me with one of his whimsical smiles.

"Come, get to work, doctor. The signs are favorable for an extensive practice this voyage. I don't know what the Ghost would have been without you, and if I could only cherish such noble sentiments I would tell you her master is deeply grateful."

I knew the run of the simple medicine chest the Ghost carried, and while I was heating water on the cabin stove and getting the things ready for dressing his wounds, he moved about, laughing and chatting, and examining his hurts with a calculating eye. I had never before seen him stripped, and the sight of his body quite took my breath away. It has never been my weakness to exalt the flesh—far from it; but there is enough of the artist in me to appreciate its wonder.

Wolf Larsen was the man-type, the marceline, and almost a god in his perfectness. As he moved about or raised his arms the great muscles leapt and moved under the satiny skin. I have forgotten to say that the bronze ended with his face. His body, thanks to his Scandinavian stock, was fair as the fairest woman's. I remember his putting his hand up to feel of the wound on his head, and my watching the biceps move like a living thing under its white sheath. It was the biceps that had nearly crushed out my life once, that I had seen strike so many killing blows. I could not take my eyes from him. I stood motionless, a roll of antiseptic cotton in my hand unwinding and spilling itself down to the floor.

He noticed me, and I became conscious that I was staring at him.

"God made you well," I said.

He braced his legs and feet, pressing the cabin floor with his toes in a clutching sort of way. Knots and ridges and mounds of muscles writhed and bunched under the skin.

"Feel them," he commanded.

They were hard as iron. And I observed, also, that his whole body had unconsciously drawn itself together, tense and alert; that muscles were softly crawling and shaping about the hips, along the back, and across the shoulders; that the arms were slightly lifted, their muscles contracting, the fingers crooking till the hands were like talons; and that even the eyes had changed expression and into them were coming watchfulness and measurement and a light none other than of battle.

"Stability, equilibrium," he said, relaxing on the instant and sinking his body into repose. "Feet with which to clutch the ground, legs to stand on and to help withstand, while with arms and hands, teeth and nails, I struggle to kill and to be not killed. Purpose? Utility is the better word."

I did not argue. I had seen the mechanism of the primitive fighting beast, and I was as strongly impressed as if I had seen the engines of a great battleship or Atlantic liner.

I was surprised, considering the fierce struggle in the fore-castle, at the superficiality of his hurts, and I pride myself that I dressed them dexterously.

"By the way, Hump, as I have remarked, you are a handy man," Wolf Larsen began, when my work was done. "As you know, we're short a mate. Hereafter you shall stand watches, receive seventy-five dollars per month, and be addressed fore and aft as Mr. Van Weyden."

"I—I don't understand navigation, you know," I gasped.

"Not necessary at all."

"I really do not care to sit in the high places," I objected. "I find life



"No You Don't!" Kelly Cried, Stepping Between Me and the Ladder.

precious enough in my present humble situation. I have no experience. Mediocrity, you see, has its compensations."

He smiled as though it were all settled.

"I won't be mate on this hell-ship!" I cried defiantly.

I saw his face grow hard and the merciless glitter come into his eyes.

He walked to the door of his room, saying:

"And now, Mr. Van Weyden, good night."

"Good night, Mr. Larsen," I answered weakly.

## CHAPTER XIV.

I cannot say that the position of mate carried with it anything more joyful than that there were no more dishes to wash. I was ignorant of the simplest duties of mate, and would have fared badly indeed had the sailors not sympathized with me. I knew nothing of the minutiae of ropes and rigging, of the trimming and setting of sails; but the sailors took pains to put me to rights, Louis proving an espe-

cially good teacher, and I had little trouble with those under me.

With the hunters it was otherwise. Familiar in varying degree with the sea, they took me as a sort of joke. In truth, it was a joke to me that I, the veriest landsman, should be filling the office of mate; but to be taken as a joke by others was a different matter. I made no complaint, but Wolf Larsen demanded the most punctilious sea etiquette in my case—far more than poor Johansen had ever received; and at the expense of several rows, threats and much grumbling, he brought the hunters to time. I was "Mr. Van Weyden" fore and aft, and it was only unofficially that Wolf Larsen himself ever addressed me as "Hump."

It was amusing. Perhaps the wind would haul a few points while we were at dinner, and as I left the table he would say, "Mr. Van Weyden, will you kindly put about on the port tack?" And I would go on deck, beckon Louis to me, and learn from him what was to be done. Then, a few minutes later, having digested his instructions and thoroughly mastered the maneuver, I would proceed to issue my orders. I remember an early instance of this kind, when Wolf Larsen appeared on the scene just as I had begun to give orders. He smoked his cigar and looked on quietly till the thing was accomplished, and then paced aft by my side along the weather poop.

"Hump," he said—"I beg pardon, Mr. Van Weyden—I congratulate you. I think you can now fire your father's legs back into the grave to him. You've discovered your own and learned to stand on them. A little ropework, sailmaking and experience with storms and such things, and by the end of the voyage you could ship on any coasting schooner."

It was during this period, between the death of Johansen and the arrival on the sealing grounds, that I passed my pleasantest hours on the *Ghost*. Wolf Larsen was quite considerate, the sailors helped me, and I was no longer in irritating contact with Thomas Mugridge. And I make free to say, as the days went by, that I found I was taking a certain secret pride in myself. Fantastic as the situation was—a landlubber second in command—I was, nevertheless, carrying it off well; and during that brief time I was proud of myself, and I grew to love the heave and roll of the *Ghost* under my feet as she wallowed north and west through the tropic sea to the islet where we filled our water casks.

But my happiness was not unalloyed. It was comparative, a period of less misery slipped in between a past of great miseries and a future of great miseries. For the *Ghost*, so far as the seamen were concerned, was a hell-ship of the worst description. They never had a moment's rest or peace. Wolf Larsen treasured against them the attempt on his life and the drubbing he had received in the fore-castle; and morning, noon and night, and all night as well, he devoted himself to making life unlivable for them. Leach and Johnson were the two particular victims of Wolf Larsen's diabolic temper, and the look of profound melancholy which had settled on Johnson's face and in his eyes made my heart bleed.

With Leach it was different. There was too much of the fighting beast in him. He seemed possessed by an insatiable fury which gave no time for grief. His lips had become distorted into a permanent snarl, which, at more sight of Wolf Larsen, broke out in sound, horrible and menacing, and I do believe, unconsciously. I have seen him follow Wolf Larsen about with his eyes, like an animal its keeper, while the animal-like snarl sounded deep in his throat and vibrated forth between his teeth.

Both he and Johnson would have killed Wolf Larsen at the slightest opportunity, but the opportunity never came. Wolf Larsen was too wise for that, and besides, they had no adequate weapons. With their fists alone they had no chance whatever. Time and again he fought it out with Leach, who fought back, always, like a wildcat, tooth and nail and fist, until stretched, exhausted or unconscious, on the deck. And he was never averse to another encounter.

I often wondered why Wolf Larsen did not kill him and make an end of it. But he only laughed and seemed to enjoy it. There seemed a certain spice about it, such as men must feel who take delight in making pets of ferocious animals.

"It gives a thrill to life," he explained to me, "when life is carried in one's hand. Man is a natural gambler, and life is the biggest stake he can lay. The greater the odds the greater the thrill."

"Ah, but it is cowardly, cowardly!" I cried. "You have all the advantage."

"Of the two of us, you and I, who is the greater coward?" he asked seriously. "If the situation is unpleasant, you compromise with your conscience when you make yourself a

party to it. If you were really great, really true to yourself, you would join forces with Leach and Johnson. But you are afraid. You want to live. The life that is in you cries out that it must live, no matter what the cost; so you live ignominiously, untrue to the best you dream of, sinning against your whole pitiful little code, and, if there were a hell, heading your soul straight for it. Bah! I play the braver part. I do not sin, for I am true to the promptings of the life that is in me. I am sincere with my soul at least, and that is what you are not."

There was a sting in what he said. Perhaps, after all, I was playing a cowardly part.

I pondered it long, lying sleepless in my bunk and reviewing in endless procession the facts of the situation. I talked with Johnson and Leach, during the night watches when Wolf Larsen was below. Both men had lost hope—Johnson, because of temperamental despondency; Leach, because he had beaten himself out in the vain struggle and was exhausted. But he caught my hand in a passionate grip one night, saying:

"I think yer square, Mr. Van Weyden. But stay where you are and keep your mouth shut. Say nothin' but saw wood. We're dead men, I know it;



I Have Seen Him Follow Wolf Larsen About With His Eyes.

but all the same you might be able to do us a favor some time when we need it damn bad."

It was only next day, when Walnwright Island loomed to windward, close aboard, that Wolf Larsen opened his mouth in prophecy. He had attacked Johnson, been attacked by Leach, and had just finished whipping the pair of them.

"Leach," he said, "you know I'm going to kill you some time or other, don't you?"

A snarl was the answer.

"And as for you, Johnson, you'll get so tired of life before I'm through with you that you'll fling yourself over the side. See if you don't."

"That's a suggestion," he added, in an aside to me. "I'll bet you a month's pay he acts upon it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## HARD TO ESTIMATE CROWD

Few Civilians Are Able to Give Numbers of a Gathering—Army Officers Tell Secret.

It is remarkable how the average civilian overestimates the number of persons in a big procession. Take, for example, the recent demonstration in London. It was said that there were 15,000 men in line and some enthusiasts put it even at 20,000. But it is easy to estimate such numbers approximately, says London Tit-Bits. Here is the rule as laid down in the "Field Service Regulations" of the United States army:

"The strength of a body of troops may be estimated from the length of time it takes to pass a given point. Assuming that infantry in column of fours occupies half a yard per man, cavalry one yard per trooper and artillery in single column per gun or caisson, a given point would be passed in one minute by about 175 infantry, 110 cavalry at a walk, 200 cavalry at a trot and five guns or caissons."

Allowing for spacing between companies, battalions and regiments, all of which is according to mathematical rule, it takes a regiment of 1,000 men divided into battalions just ten minutes to pass, or at the rate of 5,000 an hour. And this supposes no breaks in the line.

These rules, it must be remembered, are for trained soldiers used to a long step and to keeping up without straggling. No civilians, even militant suffragettes, ever kept or could keep up this pace.

## Distinguished Italian Sailor.

Vice-Admiral Camillo Corst, successor to Admiral Viale as minister of the Italian navy, is a Roman by birth, fifty-five years of age. He carries to his high office a well-balanced experience, both in ministerial and staff work, and in responsible command during actual warfare. He was chief secretary to Admiral Mirabelli when that capable officer was minister of the navy during a period of important naval reforms. Early in his career he spent many years in navigation in charge of a schooner, and during the war with Turkey he had the supervision of the transportation of the Italian troops to Africa, and later was in command of one of the Italian naval squadrons which took possession of several islands in the Aegean.

## WOULD MEAN A LOT FOR COMMUNITIES

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH SECRETARY FAVORS A SANITARY ENGINEER.

## RESULTS OF GREATER GOOD

Some Problems Must Be Met and Given Practical Solution From the Equipment of a Sanitary Engineer.

—Nashville.

Dr. R. Q. Lillard, secretary of the state board of health, is of the opinion that the state should have a sanitary engineer. He believes that it would mean a great deal for the rural sections of the state to have the advice and counsel of such an official. In speaking of the matter recently he said the experience gained in many years of service with the state board of health suggests the fact that observance of the proper conduct of life in the rural communities is productive of results of greater good to the body politic than its application in our cities. The rural districts should pay as much attention to all matters involving the health of human beings and live stock as the cities, and it is to be regretted that facilities and educational functions common to municipal life are not equally as available to the country. The state board of health is more actively interested at the present time in conserving the health of the citizens of the rural districts than it is in conserving the health of the city folk, who are well protected by the local health departments. The general health of the state of Tennessee is in no sense dependent upon the health of our cities, but upon the rural districts, without which we could not long exist.

The time has come when in sheer self-defense some of the problems must be met and given practical solution and solved from an angle not within the powers of our medical staff, but solved in fact from the equipment of a sanitary engineer.

## Historical Societies Meet.

An event of interest here during the week is the meeting of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, held in conjunction with the Ohio Valley Historical Association and the Tennessee History Teachers' Association April 20-23. These meetings are held jointly, under the auspices of the Tennessee Historical Society, Vanderbilt University and George Peabody College for Teachers.

Sessions at the quarters of the Tennessee Historical Society at the Hermitage Hotel and also at Vanderbilt and Peabody were held. A large number of authorities upon historical and school subjects are on the program.

The Mississippi Valley Historical Society embraces in its activities historical interests in the Mississippi valley and co-operates with existing local, state, regional and national historical and pedagogical organizations.

Dunbar S. Rowland of Jackson, Miss., is president of the organization and Clarence S. Payne of Lincoln, Neb., is secretary.

The meeting of the association is the ninth annual official gathering.

## Solicitors Appeal.

Seventy insurance solicitors have appealed to the supreme court from a decision of Chancellor Newman in dismissing their petition for a mandamus to compel State Insurance Commissioner Dunbar to issue certificates of authority to solicit and write insurance.

Under the acts of 1895 the issuance of a certificate of authority to do an insurance business is provided for on payment of \$2. The revenue act of 1915 imposes a tax of \$10 on insurance agents.

The relators tendered to Commissioner Dunbar \$2 under the acts of 1895, but were refused a certificate of authority until they also presented a receipt for the privilege tax of \$10.

## State Game Farm.

State Game Warden W. D. Howser announced that he had made arrangements with the management of Glendale Park for the establishment of a state game farm there. The farm will be used for propagatory purposes, as provided in a bill passed by the last legislature.

Mr. Howser said that the selection of Glendale Park was temporary, and that later in the year his department will consider propositions made by other counties of the state for the establishment of the permanent farm.

## Dr. Norris Honored.

Dr. J. F. Norris, professor of chemistry of Vanderbilt University, received notice of his appointment by Secretary Josephus Daniels of the navy department as a member of a prospective state board of engineers who are to organize, prepare a survey and report upon American manufacturing and producing resources as a first step toward industrial preparedness.

As stated in press dispatches, state directors under these appointments are to become associate members of the naval consulting board.

## A Texas Wonder.

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism, and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for Tenn. testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2928 Oliver street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for Tenn. testimonials. Sold by druggists. tf

## Midnight

MIDNIGHT is a large Black Spanish Jack of the very best type, best bone and muscle, with vigor and stamina. He has made several seasons in the eastern part of Fayette county and no jack that has ever been in the county can show more fine mule colts than he can show.

Will make the season of 1916 at my barn in Somerville.

TERMS—\$5 per leap, cash; \$3 to insure, payable when mare is ascertained to be in foal or traded.

Not responsible for accidents.

W. S. Newby  
Somerville, Tenn.

## Hatchie Hall



Hatchie Hall, 912, pacer, by standard J. H. L. 2:06, sire of Ardell by Idol Wilkes, son of George Wilkes. First dam, Dolly by Buford's Tom Hal, third dam by son of Shy's Tom Hal, fourth dam by Shy's Tom Hal.

Hatchie Hall is a horse of great style and finish, strong, muscular and wonderful stamina and beauty. He has a fine gait and much natural speed. He has many colts in Fayette county, and they every one show strong characteristics of this magnificent horse. He will make the season of 1916 at my barn in Somerville.

TERMS—\$5 per leap, cash; \$10 per season, cash, with return privilege; \$15 to insure, money due when mare is ascertained to be in foal or traded.

Will use every effort to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible if any should occur.

W. S. NEWBY, Somerville, Tenn.

## Fuzz Johnson



Trotting Stallion Record 2:14 1-2

Will make season of 1916 at Hollywood Farm six miles north of Somerville.

TERMS: \$15.00 if paid at time of service; \$25.00 payable November 1. Foal Insured.

## Good Promise



An analysis of the breeding of Good Promise will show him to be one of the most royally bred stallions in the Stud Book, a blending of Hambletonian-Mambrino Chief strains. He is speedy, level headed, and, although a standard bred trotter, is a fine saddle, and has sired many fine combination horses.

\$15 to insure

At NEWBY'S STABLE, Somerville, for the season of 1916.

E. F. SANDERS, Somerville, Tenn.